ROGERS & SMITH CO.

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Medinah Temple

Ancient Arabic Order Nobles
of the Mystic Shrine

Business and Ceremonial Session
to be held Friday Evening
April 23, 1915

Business Meeting
will begin promptly
at six-thirty

Caravan will start with the *Candidates* at 7:30 sharp

Es Selamu Aleikum

ON the Eighth day of the Sixth Month, 1333, known as
FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1915
the Nobility will meet at the Ancient Shrine of Medinah.

Traditional Banquet

An Oriental feast will be served consisting of dates, figs, salts and other delicacies in true Oriental style. After the Ceremonial Session and full justice done in the banquet room, do not fail to remain and enjoy Medinah's Entertaining Vaudeville.

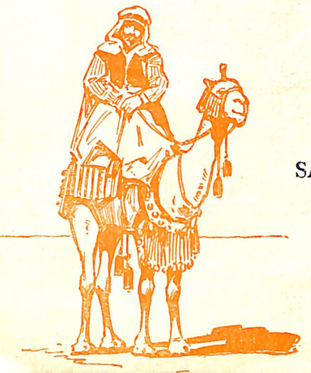
Candidates Must report at the Recorder's Office, 14 East Ohio Street, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. any day up to and including the day of the meeting, to sign the Constitution and By-Laws of Medinah Temple and pay the initiation fee.

Nobles—
Your Red, White and Blue Cards

Visiting Nobles are cordially invited to enjoy the good time and receive an Arab's greeting. It is imperative that all Nobles show their (Red, White and Blue) card to the outer guard.

We have spoken

JOHN P. GARNER, Illustrious Potentate
JULIUS R. BUTZOW, Chief Rabban
ACORS W. RATHBUN, Assistant Rabban



SAMUEL H. SMITH, Recorder
14 East Ohio Street
Phone Superior 794

Nobles, Listen

His honor, the Mayor, Noble William Hale Thompson, will be with us at this ceremonial, and we trust that the nobility will give him the glad hand and make a noise like a cyclone. Noble Thompson cancelled an engagement of national significance in New York to be with us on this occasion.

Have you bought your tickets for the Sousa Band Concerts? Better hurry as they are going fast. Tickets on sale at the Hub, main floor.

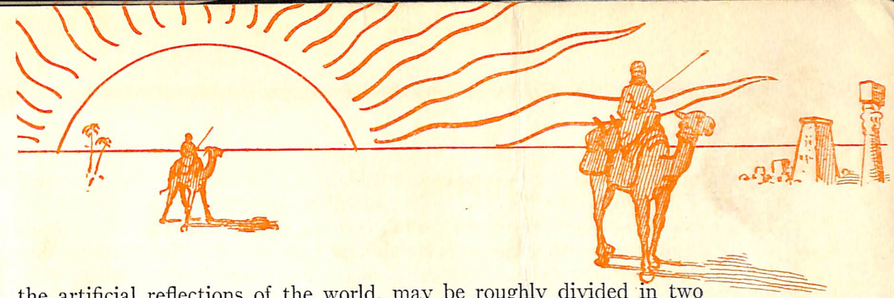
The Sousa concerts will be by far the best and of the highest class ever given in Chicago.

Have you made your reservation for the trip to Seattle to attend the Imperial Council meeting, July 13, 14 and 15? If not, address Noble S. A. Hutchison, 148 S. Clark Street, who will give you details relative to itinerary and cost.

Military Band

When you enter the Temple you will be handed the program to be given by the Military Band during the time between the business session and the ceremonial. This program will contain some exceptional numbers. Our Military Band under the direction of that famous director, Noble Martin Ballman, is making wonderful progress toward perfection.

JOHN P. GARNER.

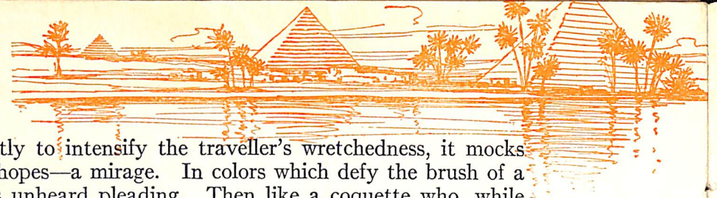


The Mirage

PICTURES, the artificial reflections of the world, may be roughly divided in two classes. The first class contains mere imitations of the physical world, pictures without a thought or an idea—a landscape, for instance. The pictures belonging to the second division represent mainly ideas expressed in the vivid language of colors. In the first class the picture is paramount, while in the second division the idea that ought to be conferred is the principal factor.

Thus we find sometimes within the boundary of a picture's frame a philosophy condensed, giving its message to those whose souls are sufficiently evolved to understand its color, its language. It is a philosophy made visible. It will catch your eyes and enter, through them, your innermost, touching the very same strings which have sounded in harmonious music while inspiration was guiding the skillful hand of the artist.

The desert! Who does not shudder when his eye falls on the monotonous, silent sea of sand and stone? Bareness, desolation and sterility are its qualities, and the horrifying bark of the hyena is the only sound that vibrates in its atmosphere of fire. To the pleading words of the thirsty wanderer it answers with the dull tone of the moving sand. His cry for water it drowns in the burning fury of the desert wind. Bleached, human bones are the only signs to guide the wanderer's foot.

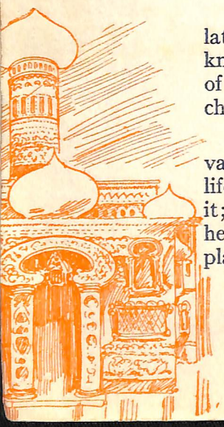


But, sometimes, as if malignantly to intensify the traveller's wretchedness, it mocks him with the fleeting image of all his hopes—a mirage. In colors which defy the brush of a Turner it shows him the object of his unheard pleading. Then like a coquette who, while kissing her lover mixes poison in his drink, it withdraws the cunning masterpiece, leaving him in utter despair. The weary wanderer feels as if the heavy folded curtain falls upon his own stage of life and that the last act has come to pass.

Did you ever dig down in your heart? Have you never met that utter desolation in yourself? It was the time when you learnt the lesson everyone of us must learn: "that you are only a wanderer in this world." Then true human sympathy is as far away as the cooling breeze of the sea-shore from the heart of the desert. All men appear to you like the mute sand-grains to the Arab. Fighting are the men for their own existence, and in the rush of the battle self-interest is dominating and no brotherly hand is extended.

Is there a desert of sand that can compete in emptiness and shallowness with the desolation of your own self? With never tiring eagerness you look for the "something" that you know could help you. Like the thirsty Arab is longing for the well amongst the shady trees of the oasis, so you are longing inwardly for the flower, the perfume of which, you feel, will change your desolation in peaceful self-possession.

Even in the desert of your own the mirages are not missing. They are manifold—in various shapes and colors—but they have one quality in common. Put them to the test in life and they fall short, far short from the something you are expecting. Shall you ever find it; shall your innermost ever be saturated with it and give you the peace and rest every human heart is striving for? Every mirage—feeble human thought, often superstition in mocking play—attracts you, gives you a breathing spell in your search. It is but a breathing spell.



Only when you see the mirage which unfolds itself before the eye of this wandering Arab, only then your whole being will tell you that within its walls are you sure to find that which you have longed for in vain so many years. It has all the qualities—beauty—of the fata-morgana, but none of its deceiving faults. It is not a mirage in the sky out of the reach of man that will vanish and disappear forever. It is not a fleeting picture, the past, present and future of which are pressed within the borders of a minute.

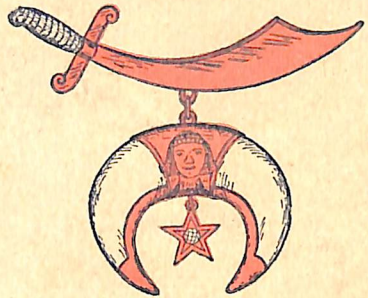
A great reality stands before you, built solidly on the rock of brotherhood. Nothing fleeting, but durable; nothing short-lived, but everlasting; not airy, but solid; not beyond your horizon, but within your reach. The shade of its palm tree is cool and the living zem zem water of its well is care-quenching and soul-refreshing. No storm can disturb the stability of the peace of those who have made this Temple their home. The deafening noise of struggling life does not interrupt the silence of its venerable halls and peevish quarrels flee its walls as owls the bright light of the sun. Its doors are ever open to those who honestly search and strive for peace. To them it offers the highest blessing; a calm serenity that enables one to look on this world as an eagle from the lofty peak eyes the fields below him.

Its supporting pillars are: Fearlessness, cleanness of life, steadfastness in the practice of wisdom, almsgiving, self-restraint and sacrifice; study of the highest thoughts, austerity and straightforwardness; truth, absence of wrath, peacefulness, absence of crookedness, vigor, fortitude, purity, absence of pride and envy.

Enter, weary wanderer, its portals are wide open. The brother hand is extended, willing to hand you the highest "Evenness of mind."

In Memoriam

Horace L. Winslow	March 4, 1915
Philip A. Marsh	March 15, 1915
Everett L. Haynes	March 18, 1915
Hans F. W. Lammer	March 19, 1915
Wm. Cowan	March 22, 1915
Adam E. Schade	March 23, 1915
Jacob C. Copeland	March 24, 1915
Wm. F. Cameron	March 27, 1915
Samuel M. Dalzell	March 27, 1915
Francis M. Beals	March 30, 1915
Jas. L. Olson	April 1, 1915
George Tough	April 12, 1915
Albert O. Bock	April 13, 1915



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